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HIS IDEAL.

He kept a picture in his mind
Of one who had a queenly air—
Of one with classic features, who
Was fairest of the sweet and fair,
And till he found her he would wait,
And when he found her—ah, well then
He vowed that she should be his own
In spite of all the fates and men.

The maiden that he dreamed about
Was blithe and willowy and tall,
And never loved until she heard
Him fondly, reverently call.
Her voice was like soft music, and
Her temper ever mild and sweet—
He waited, and watched to go
And kneel, a suppliant, at her feet.

I saw him married yesterday—
Her freckled nose turned up, and she
Is plump and short, and prone, it seems,
To babble somewhat flippantly;
A husband that she had before
Has found another wife somewhere—
And while the preacher said the words
Her son and daughter blubbered there.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Stacy's Chimney- Top Party

By Edward William Thomson.

WHEN the first great woolen factory was put up at Cornwall, Ont., by the Scotch-Canadian capitalists who are now Lord Mount-Stephen and Lord Strathcona-and-Mount-Royal, their contractor for the building was John Stacy. He was of great physical strength, notoriously "a tall man of his hands," and anything in the nature of a practical joke was dear to him, although he must have been 55 or 60 years old. So nobody who knew him was surprised when he proposed a luncheon on top of the factory chimney just after its completion.

It cannot be truthfully said that men came flocking to his invitations. The chimney, which stood about 25 or 30 feet clear of the factory building, was a plain shaft of brick with an unrailled iron coping, and to reach this top we had to go out on a ladder, about 35 or 40 feet long, which slanted from the roof of the ten-story stair tower to the coping. In high winds the tall stack of brick swayed distinctly, as all high brick chimneys do at such times.

"It's a wonder entirely what absorbing business the gentlemen of Cornwall do be having on the day of me luncheon-party," old Mr. Stacy told me, with apparent solemnity and a few touches of brogue. "I was expecting the judge would come and reply to the toast of the learned professions, but himself is for holding court steady all that day. Darby Bergin darn'st be leaving his patients for two hours, poor creatures!"

"When I axed ould Aleck Sandfield to ate wid us up there, he fled as one man. Donald Ban McEneaney says 'twill be the height of impossibility for him to get away from his office that day at one o'clock."

"And even me bowld John Ban could promise no better than that he'd be proud to partake of what would be going if it was the luck of him to be able to join me chimney-party. Sure, it's cloudy in his talk John Ban can be at times! And ten or a dozen more —with one accord they made excuse. I dunno what's gone wrong. There's seldom unwillingness among them to partake of what's going at me expense."

"They're afraid of the height," I suggested, being young and innocent enough to imagine that the contractor might really be puzzled.

"Look at that now!" he exclaimed, eying me with mock admiration. "He seen it at yanst! The foolish old man I am! 'Tis the fut of the chimney I should have invited them to! And me at the greatest of pains to instruct them on the picturesque prospect from the top, and about the enjoyment of sitting foreinst yer provisions wid 130 feet of hole under your toes and the same of clear air beneath your backbone!"

"And then," Stacy continued, "the pleasure of climbing out on the ladder with nothing, bar the rungs, betwixt your boot-soles and the ground! Faith, I disoorsed of the height as an attraction! And you thinkt seared them! See the penetration of the young!"

"And so the party won't come off?" said, ignoring his irony.

"Troth, it will! There's yourself and your chief, Mr. Bell. Ye will represent the noble art of factory architecture; and the superintendent, he'd climb anything with a good lunch at the top of it. It's manufacturing industries he'll speak for, and me son George can stand with yourself for young Canada; and there's meself for old Ireland; and then there's the reporters, maybe, and MacDew—that is the mayor—and wee Macklem that wants to be. Sure, they'll represent the pre-rod municipal of Cornwall."

"Macklem! Surely he won't try it!"

"And why not?"

"That little, nervous, shivering storekeeper!"

"Arrah, but you forget the ambition he has to be mayor! It inflates him to that extent he might float up like a balloon. How did I get him to accept? Ah, that was aisy! I just took it for granted he wouldn't want to be climbing high places, and I went on

telling him how Mayor MacDew had accepted, and how I'd arrange for the Montreal Daily Gazette reporter, and that the Cornwall Sentinel would give two columns to my chimney-party, and how the owners of the factory wished me success in it—them that will be able to influence so many Cornwall votes hereafter, and what popularity the present mayor do be always gaining by being to the fore on public occasions.

"And finally," says I, "I'm sorry you won't take a bite with us on the chimney-top, Mr. Macklem."

"But I will," says he, "and thank you."

"'Tis a brave little soul he has in his little onaisy body! So you see 'tis all settled, and I've bespoken the materials, and a high time we'll have that day, anyhow."

A week later we were on top of the chimney at about one o'clock, a party of six, awaiting the upoming of Mr. Macklem and young George Stacy, whom he had last seen at the foot of the stairs on the ground floor—the elevator was not yet running. We sat with our feet dangling inside the great flue, and the void gulf at our backs.

A thick plank laid across the coping supported the viands. The wind was light, the day sunny. Our eyes ranged on an immense prospect from far south of the broad, green St. Lawrence northward to the dim blue Lawrentian hills beyond the Ottawa. We were all at ease, for all had

grown used to being on high during the upward progress of the building, except Mayor MacDew, who seemed devoid of nerves and perfectly contented.

Stacy had just remarked: "I'm 'fear'd the stairs has played puck with Mr. Macklem's polite acceptance," when that aspirant's head came through the hatchway on top of the stair tower. He was ghastly pale. We could see him trembling as he tottered to the ladder and laid hands on a rung.

Behind him came young George Stacy, looking very serious, and then frowning fiercely up at two or three who were grinning at Macklem's plight and chaffing him.

George told me afterward that he had tried to dissuade Macklem from coming up out of the stair tower, for the higher he mounted the plainer was his fright. "But of course he was my father's guest," George explained, "and I could not stop him by force. He would come on—he said he had promised, and MacDew would laugh if he backed out. I was sorry for the little man, and when I heard those two jeering at him, I felt like going up and kicking them off the chimney."

Macklem's grasp on the rung seemed to steady him for a few moments, and he came slowly up, hand over hand and foot past foot, well out over the abyss. But he was in a shocking state of fear. His face was clammy with a cold

sweat, he seemed not to respire, his white lips were fixed wide in a death-like grin that showed the gold fillings of his teeth, and his eyes were tight shut and wrinkled, as if he were striving to close them more completely lest he should by chance glance down. Clearly he might collapse at any moment, and yet he came slowly quivering up the slanting ladder.

"By the powers, he's a brave man!" whispered old Stacy, sincerely.

Then he called down encouragingly: "You're doing fine, Mr. Macklem, and there's what'll do you good up here waiting!"

"George," old Stacy called to his son, who had begun to ascend, "you had better be coming up right close after Mr. Macklem, close, so as to give him a boost at the top!" But the old man's real purpose was that his strong son should catch Macklem instantly if the man collapsed. If he should fall backward from the height of six feet above George's broad shoulders, the young man might be hurled down with his father's guest.

As Macklem felt the ladder tremble under young Stacy's quickened movement he stopped with an inarticulate cry, as if believing that the ladder had given way; but when George called out: "I'm coming up closer after you, Mr. Macklem!" he seemed to understand, and clutched for a new rung above him.

Old Stacy and all of us were as pale as Macklem when at last he put his hand on the coping in reaching for one

[CONCLUDED ON THIRD PAGE.]

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